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The two most important works of the Carlsruhe exhibition, which opened in August, consist of "Hebe," a beautiful statue in white marble, executed at Rome, by the Baden artist, Lotsch, who resides there, for the Grand Duke of Baden; and of a historical picture, by Schwind, representing "The Emperor Rudolf on his last and deadly visit to Spires." The moral effect of this picture is impressive; the tragical fate which awaits the emperor is foreshadowed, as it were, in his sad and thoughtful countenance; the execution of the horses and the scenery lacks dignity and grace. This picture was much admired on its recent exhibition at Munich and Zurich, and possesses a peculiar interest from being the first work executed by order of the New Historical Art Society, which consists already of forty-eight members, each of whom is a shareholder to the amount of forty dollars, the object of the society being to invest this money for the purpose of giving an impetus to the development of historical Art painting.

Albert Zimmermann, of Munich, one of the first of modern landscape painters, has been appointed director of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts in Milan.

A statue in honor of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, to be erected in his native town, shows the public reverence for men of science, in France.

The Louvre, with the exception of its internal decorations, is at length complete, and has been inaugurated by the Emperor. The new buildings were designed and commenced by the late Visconti, the architect, but they have been completed under the direction of M. Lefuel. They have taken five years to execute, and have cost \$7,000,000. The decoration of the interior will add greatly to this sum.

The Institute of France, which consists of the five Academies of Sciences, Fine Arts, Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, Moral and Political Sciences, and the "Française," held its grand annual meeting at Paris on Monday last, and, as usual, that meeting excited great interest, not only in the literary and scientific world, but amongst the public. The Count of Montalembert presided over it, and (in order to have a hit at the existing government, to which neither he or the Institute is friendly) deplored the moral and intellectual degradation into which, according to him, France has fallen. After this speech it was announced that the Volney prize for the present year has been awarded by the Académie Française to M. Micklosich, for a work on the Grammar of Slavonian dialects. Some of the papers were then read, one of them being by M. A. Thierry, on the election of a Bishop of Bourges in the fifth century of the Christian era; another an eulogium by M. Hittorf, the architect, on M. Schinkel, a deceased associate of the Academy. M. Viennet, one of the academicians, terminated, as usual, the sitting by reading a piece of verse, which playfully satirized, in an academical point of view, turning tables, spirit rapping, crinoline, the fears that the world would be destroyed by a comet, and other follies of the day.—*Literary Gazette*.

The *Evening Post*, in a letter from Mr. Bryant, thus reports on Art in Switzerland:

I found less to interest me in the annual exhibition of Swiss works of Art than I had hoped. A Swiss friend who accompanied me, directed my attention to a large historical picture, by Volmar, of Berne, representing the battle of Morgarten, in 1315. It is painted with a good deal of knowledge, but it looked to me as if the artist had conceived and studied each figure separately, and then put them all together in a group as he best might. The light is lurid and like moonshine. There were several historical pictures of a smaller size, by Vogel, of Zurich, full of commonplace faces and draperies like leather. The landscapes were better. There were a few exceedingly spirited drawings of Swiss scenery in water-colors. Calame, of

Geneva, has an excellent picture in the collection, called "The Torrent." Grisel of Neufchatel, Isenzeng of St. Gallen, Jenni of Solothurn, Kaiser of Stauz, Koller of Zurich, Meyer of Luzern, and Zimmermann, of Geneva, had all clever landscapes in the gallery—representations of Swiss scenery, the contemplation of which ought to make a man a landscape painter if anything can. But this is a mere muster-roll of names," and I have no time for more particular remark.

The foreign obituary for the past month contains the names of Thomas Uwins, R.A., at the age of seventy-five; and that of Mr. Shiells, of the Royal Scottish Academy. Mr. Shiells was the greatest painter of animals Scotland has yet produced.

The question as to what extent London smoke affects pictures is undergoing thorough investigation by competent authorities. That pictures are discolored by smoke there can be no doubt, but that they are permanently injured by it seems uncertain. The various reports on the condition of paintings in certain public buildings in London, show that with proper care, London smoke does not affect the substance of a picture. Sir Charles Eastlake, in alluding to pictures in the Royal Academy, says, that "when cleaned, the sharpest touches were unimpaired, and the coloring did not appear to have undergone any change."

The high prices at which really fine engravings sell for in Europe may be seen by the following examples from a recent sale by Christie and Monson, London:—By Morghen, the "Aurora," after Guido, fine proof, £30. "The Madonna della Sedia," after Raffaele, proof before letters, 14 guineas. "Gen. Moneada," after Vandyke, rare proof before letters, £23 10s. "The Magdalene Praying," after Murillo, rare proof before letters, £19. By Longhi, "The Magdalene," after Correggio, proof before letters, £24. "The Marriage of the Virgin," fine proof before letters, £41. By Garavaglia, "La Madonna della Sedia," after Raffaele, first proof before letters, 15½ guineas. By Desnoyers, "La Belle Jardinière," after Raffaele, a brilliant proof before letters, 31 guineas. By Müller, "Madonna di San Sisto," fine proof, 49 guineas. "St. John," after Domenichino, fine proof with the letters, 28 guineas. By Strange, "Charles I. in his Robes," after Vandyke, proof with all the margin, £44. "Charles I. with his Equerry," after the same, proof in the first state, £19. By Pontius, "Rubens with his hat on his head," after his own picture, fine proof, £12.

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## THE CRAYON.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1857.

### Sketchings.

EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE previous notices of this exhibition in THE CRAYON have only been of a general character. The arrival of Mr. Ruxton, the director, with a portion of the pictures enables us to furnish a few additional particulars. The names of the following artists,—Messrs. PICKERSGILL, REDGRAVE, DANBY, J. B. PYNE, LEIGHTON, CROSS, STANHOPE, and LANCE, all of whom are painters in oil, and artists of high rank, and in the water-color department, the names of DAVID COX, FRIPP, F. GOODALL, W. GOODALL, F. TAYLOR, CATTERMOLLE, HENRY WARREN (President of the New Society), WM. HUNT, Mrs. BARBARA LEE SMITH BODDIOH, WEHNERT, SIR WM. ROSS, AARON PENLY, STANFIELD, ROBINS, FINCH, etc., added to those given in our

last number, exhibits a more complete representative list of British artists.

Among the most prominent works to be exhibited are six water-color drawings by J. M. W. TURNER. Turner is unquestionably the originator of the new school of water-color Art in England, if not of the Art itself. His genius freed its practice from conventional trammels; he extended its technical resources, and enlarged its scope, both of treatment and subject. His boldness and power were an example to a numerous body of co-laborers and followers, who now compose a school remarkable for its great success as well as for its noble aims, and its positively valuable contributions to the thought that is written in the language of Art for all time.

After Turner comes DAVID COX, the patriarch of the Old Society. Of this master we are to have four works. HENRY WARREN (President of the New Society) sends three, among which is "The Marriage in Cairo." WEBSTER sends "The First Ragged School," and connected with this picture is the following account of the founder of ragged schools:

John Pounds, the cobbler and the "founder of Ragged Schools," was born at Portsmouth in 1766. The adopting of a little nephew seems to have been the beginning of the noble career for which he has become celebrated; for, thinking the boy would learn better with a companion, he took the son of a very poor woman to join him in his studies, and, becoming fascinated by the occupation of teaching, he gradually increased the number of his pupils. The little workshop in St. Mary street, Portsmouth, measuring only eighteen feet by six, where he made and mended boots and shoes, and which had hitherto been filled only with singing-birds and small animals, now became crowded with children of the lowest and poorest classes, sometimes amounting to nearly forty boys and girls. Pounds used often to go down to the quays, and, by bribes of roasted potatoes and such-like, induced the ragged little children to come to his school. Besides reading, writing, etc., he taught them to cook their victuals, and to mend their clothes and shoes. He was often their playfellow, their doctor, or their nurse. As he would never take payment of any kind for his trouble, he selected his pupils from the most wretched; and sometimes, when he has learned that parents in a position to pay a schoolmaster have fraudulently gained admittance to his school for their children, he has dismissed them to make room for others more needy. John Pounds died on New-Year's Day, 1839.

Mr. JOHN RUSKIN has painted a picture expressly for this exhibition—"Study of a block of Gneiss—Valley of Chamouni, Switzerland." SIR WILLIAM ROSS, miniature painter to the Queen, furnishes portraits respectively of the Queen and Prince Albert. A portrait by authority of this truly noble woman, whose position renders her the pride of England, and whose character entitles her to the respect and admiration of the world, is not the least of the attractions of the exhibition. WILLIAM HUNT is represented by six pictures. Mrs. BARBARA LEE SMITH BODICON contributes several works; among them is one called, "In Mary Howitt's Garden." MADOX BROWN contributes a chalk drawing, called "Our Lady of Good Children," besides other important works.

Our space limits us to a mere glance at the catalogue, which is not yet complete, as another and important installment is yet to arrive.

The exhibition will consist of at least three hundred pictures, by about two hundred artists. The pictures are valued at \$100,000, for which sum the collection is insured. An exhibition of this character cannot fail to excite the interest of the public, and prove highly instructive. The secretary, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, says:

"The projectors conceive that the time is fully arrived when the kindred intellect of the two countries should be interchanged in other forms besides those of literature. The names of Longfellow, Bryant, and Prescott, are as familiar in the Old country as those of Tennyson, the Brownings and Macaulay in the New, and the projectors earnestly hope that, if they succeed in rendering well-known to Americans the best names in living British Art, they shall be no less paving the way to the knowledge of American Art in England. Indeed, the generous and substantial cordiality with which the scheme has been received, in America, from its earliest stages, leaves no room to doubt that the feeling there is all that could be desired with a view to the future."

"The exhibition, it may be added, is in no respect a trading speculation. The British artists have been invited to contribute works in their own hands, or to recommend any sold works, which they would wish to appear in the collection; and in the event of a money-success, the profits will be applied to the promotion of a knowledge internationally of the Art of the two countries."

The exhibition will be held in the new gallery of the National Academy of Design, in Tenth street, near Broadway. The rooms afford unusual facilities for the exhibition of pictures, being well lighted, commodious, of easy access, and elegantly decorated.

AN EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF FRENCH ARTISTS.—The French School is also about to be brought before the American public. We are unable to furnish any particulars, except that the pictures will be exhibited in the rooms formerly occupied by the American Art Union. The collection will be a fine one, embracing works by the first artists of the time.

#### DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

We have seen with great pleasure the completed model of a statue of SIMON KENTON, the celebrated Ohio backwoodsman, by J. Q. A. Ward. It is designed for the State of Ohio, an appropriation having been made by the government for a marble monument in honor of this great pioneer.

The name of Kenton is not so well known in the Eastern States as that of Daniel Boone, to whose career and character his bore a marked resemblance. But in Ohio his memory is cherished, and the traditions of his wonderful deeds are household words. Simon Kenton was born in Virginia, in 1758. His adventurous spirit led him from home when quite a youth, with only a vague idea of the kind of life which he was destined to pursue; the merest accident seems to have directed his steps into the country, and amongst the people with whom he afterwards became so conspicuously associated. Joining the tide of emigration that was at that moment setting towards Ohio and Kentucky, he soon became entangled in the border wars with the Indians, with whom he waged for many years a relentless conflict, leading a life of marvellous adventure and almost incredible peril. At one time he would be in pursuit of a hostile band of savages through the trackless wilderness for days and weeks, at another hanging as a spy about the enemy's camp; to-day a hunter, to-morrow a scout, anon a warrior or captive. His life was a moving drama of the wildest action, and the most picturesque incident. Among his contemporaries were many men of his own stamp, some of whom became heroes of events of the greatest interest, but none who sustained the character with the same persistence, displayed the same sagacity and courage, or whose career became so interwoven with the events which formed the basis of the great

future of Ohio. Except that of Boone, his fame as a borderer has no rival in the western country. And justice, no doubt, would place him on an equal footing in history with his more widely-known, but not less meritorious contemporary.

The events in which Kenton so conspicuously figured live more in uncertain tradition than in written authentic history. They are fast passing into unmerited oblivion. Ohio will continue like other States to develop her orators and statesmen, as well as artists to commemorate their memories in marble and on canvas, but the scenes of her dawning greatness cannot be witnessed again. The dark wilderness and its mysterious romance is forever lost in the light of civilization.

As a recognition of the important, though humble events of her early history, the conception of this monument is creditable to the State. As an authentic type of the costume and external appearance of the pioneer it will be always interesting and useful. Born amongst the survivors of these events, of parents who largely participated in their scenes, and familiar from his youth with the stories of their adventures heard from their own lips, Mr. Ward brings to the undertaking of this statue a peculiar fitness; and to our mind he has done it exceedingly well. Kenton is represented in the picturesque hunting costume of his time. He stands leaning on his rifle, just paused for the moment as if entertaining a sudden thought. His dog, an admirably modelled animal, looks up to his face inquiringly at his unwonted quiet. There is no grand effort at effect or meretricious ornament in the statue. The composition is unaffected and simple, and pleases as much by its clasp forbearance as by its evident fidelity and knowledge of detail. The face, air attitude, costume, and accessories all happily unite in giving the idea of a free, wild, adventurous borderer, and nothing else. The State of Ohio, already distinguished for its appreciation of sculptured Art, will do itself credit by the erection of this truly admirable work.

Boston, Sept. 15, 1857.

"THERE is quite a dearth of Art news in this city at the present time. As but few of the artists have returned from the country, I cannot announce the advent of many new works either in painting or sculpture. E. A. Brackett's bust of Charles Sumner, which he has just completed in marble, is universally admired. Mr. Ball is doing a marble bust of the late Dr. Peabody, of King's Chapel. The Athenæum is very well attended, considering how little travelling there is this year in comparison with the years which have preceded it. The additions to the exhibition during the past month, have been a fine plaster cast from the statue of Minerva, presented by Miss Charlotte Cushman; a picture of the Roman Campagna, by Page; and a marble statuette of Nydia, from Bulwer's 'Last Days of Pompeii,' by Randolph Rogers. The venerable Rembrandt Peale, who is said to be the only artist now living to whom Washington ever sat for his likeness, is now copying Gilbert Stuart's celebrated portrait of the 'Father of his Country,' at the Athenæum gallery. Miss Hosmer, who is here, alternates between Watertown and Boston; her statue of the Cenci, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy, has not arrived. I understand that Miss H. intends to make a tour of the West with a lady artist whom she knew in Rome, and will return to Italy in December. Miss Lander, who remains in Europe for the present, has recently received a commission for a statue from a gentleman in Salem; she is not limited either in price or design. Several artists from New York have visited Boston during the summer, namely, Messrs. Page, Durand, Hunting-

ton, Greene and Rembrandt Peale; though I believe the last named gentleman belongs to Philadelphia.

"The Middlesex Mechanic Association of Lowell has opened, in connection with its Fair, an exhibition of Fine Arts. Many good pictures have been contributed, and the movement is looked upon with much interest, for if it meets with success it will open the way for other exhibitions of the same kind." F.

MR. H. BILLINGS, of Boston, has just completed a picture, entitled "The Vision of Sir Galahad," the subject taken from Tennyson's poem of Morte d'Arthur.

THE Central Park Commissioners seem to have tolerable ideas of the principle of competition, to judge by the following resolution, passed at one of the meetings of the Board:

*Resolved*, That this Board do advertise for plans for laying out the Central Park, and that they offer for the best plan chosen \$2,000; for the second, \$1,000; for the third, \$750; and for the fourth, \$500. Said plans to become the property of the Board.

The remuneration offered for the designs is, we suppose, reasonable. The last clause, "said plans to become the property of the Board," we cannot understand, unless it be inserted in order to enable the Board to carry out the details of any one or all designs—perhaps intermingle points of each—without employing either of the designers to superintend the work. If so, the intention of the Board is more cunning than it is intelligent.

THE celebrated picture of The Horse Fair, by Rosa Bonheur, has at length arrived (and is now, or soon will be, on exhibition at the gallery of Messrs. Williams, Stevens, Williams & Co.) The readers of THE CRAYON are familiar with the career of this admirable woman and artist; no further comment on our part could add to the curiosity or interest with which her works will be regarded. Her life has been faithfully devoted to Art, as she has understood it; she has painted animals out of love for them; no doubts suggested by "high" or "low" distinctions have ever crossed her mind in a way to divert her from the dictates of her natural feeling, and the result is, she has proved herself a genius. The best European judges have awarded the highest praise to her productions, and we are quite confident their verdict will be endorsed by the public of this country.

WE understand that Mr. W. H. Aspinwall has lately purchased in Europe several valuable original pictures by the old masters. We hear of a fine Murillo among the number.

MR. A. BELMONT is engaged in forming a fine collection of modern continental Art. The French school will be numerously represented.

ENGRAVING.—Perhaps no better criterion of a national growth of Art can be adduced than the Art that is visible in our multitudinous family of illustrated books. Illustration, the lineal descendant of mediæval illumination, has progressed rapidly in this country within a period of three years; its kind and quality have both vastly improved. We do not now buy or steal *all* the designs that appear in American books; nor are we compelled to scrape the dirt from a bank-bill in order to establish the fact that the country possesses illustrative ability. We have now artists both as designers and engravers, with printers and publishers who, in a degree, give to the public works that meet the standard of merit which they pretend to. Instead of designs badly engraved, worse printed, and inadequately paid for, we have some complete in every department; sufficiently complete at least to be looked at with

pleasure, and referred to as evidences of growing resources for future development. Some of our publishers have employed the services of Art in the way of illustration with a good deal of judgment and intelligence. We have before us a number of engravings that confirm this opinion, consisting of proofs of a series of designs, engraved for a work called "Irving Vignettes," published by G. P. Putnam. These are moderately large vignettes, the designs for which are by both foreign and American artists; the Americans being Allston, Jarvis, Darley, Agate, and Verbruyck. Some of these designs are engraved by Messrs. Smillie and Hall, the remainder having been engraved in England. For artistic excellence we would especially mention the designs by Mr. Schmolze, who is now a resident of the country; they are carefully drawn, with due regard to local character, and are very fine in expression. Among the attractions of this book is a well engraved portrait of Washington. The engraving is made from a miniature of Washington, at about the age of twenty-five years. The miniature was given by Washington to a niece, and is now in the possession of a daughter of that niece. The artist is unknown. The engraving is by Mr. De Mare. The likeness bears a resemblance to that of Trumbull's portrait, and is, we believe, the only representation of Washington at so early an age.

Another set of proofs consists of several engravings intended for an edition of Cooper's works, to be published by Stringer & Townsend. The designs are by Darley, who is pre-eminently qualified to illustrate Cooper's works, and are engraved by Mr. Smillie. These are equally as well done as those mentioned above. We would also mention in the same category a series of designs also by Darley and Smillie, for a work on the Horse, by Mr. Herbert, which is to be issued by the same publishers.

We have before us, however, two proofs of engravings that indicate a wider range of publishing enterprise, and exhibit the artistic ability of the engraver to better advantage. These consist of two landscape subjects by Durand and Casilear, engraved by Mr. Smillie, for a periodical called, *The Ladies' Repository*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Clarke, and published at Cincinnati, Ohio, by Swormstedt & Poe, for the Methodist Book Concern. This periodical proposes to give four engravings per annum, to consist of landscapes of American scenery engraved by American artists. Two are now completed—those mentioned above. Mr. Smillie has in these productions very happily rendered the spirit and style of both pictures, preserving in chiaroscuro all the delicacy and effect which the artists have produced in color. These engravings are sufficiently large to enable Mr. Smillie to show to advantage his own art, the Art of the engraver, who rarely obtains the credit he deserves.

**LECTURERS.**—Mr. Brownlee Brown is one of the best qualified persons in the country to lecture on Art. Mr. Brown has studied Art practically and theoretically; he has mingled with the artists of the day, and is familiar with their works; he understands the spirit of the people, and is enabled to make his thoughts intelligible, and of practicable value to any audience that he may be invited to address. Art is steadily becoming a subject of popular interest. This reading community, *par excellence*, are compelled to notice the subject of Art more than formerly, because every newspaper now contains a greater or less number of paragraphs about Art in some shape. People consequently, in the lecture-room, need to hear and see men who have actually dug the gold out of the mine—men who have labored enthusiastically for the cause, instead of listening

to lecturers, whose thought is generally the result of a consideration of the subject without any familiarity with it, and wrought out mechanically without the inspiration of natural feeling.

We would also present the claims of Mr. Justin Winsor as a lecturer. Mr. Winsor is a student of Nature, and necessarily a student of Art. He is liberally educated, well read in the history of Art and literature, and has proved by his thought, on the pages of *THE CRAYON*, his ability to entertain the frequenters of the lecture-room.

We are not positively authorized to give the name of our former associate, Mr. W. J. Stillman, as a lecturer on Art. We have no doubt, however, as to his readiness to answer applications to lecture. His qualifications are unquestionable. Mr. Stillman's literary ability and enthusiasm gave an impetus to *THE CRAYON* at its start, to which it is yet indebted, and to him is due much of the favor and consideration with which *THE CRAYON* is received. Mr. Stillman's study of Art, especially in certain directions, his intimate knowledge of nature, coupled with a knowledge of Art in Europe, enable him to say well what he has to say, to be a good instructor, and a competent lecturer.

#### OBITUARY.

We regret to have to record the death of JACOB A. DALLAS, a well-known artist of decided ability. Mr. Dallas' drawings were conspicuous for great facility in execution, and a happy faculty of portraying humorous character. *The Times* informs us that—

"Mr. Dallas was born in Philadelphia, in the year 1825. He was the son of an eminent merchant, and the cousin of Hon. George M. Dallas, our present Minister to England. At the age of eight years he removed, with his parents, to Missouri, where he studied at Ames College, and after a due course of instruction, graduated at the age of eighteen. He then returned to Philadelphia, and attended the Life and Antique School, under Professor Odis, the celebrated portrait painter. About nine years ago he came to New York, where he has since resided. \* \* \*

As a man, Mr. Dallas was beloved by all who had the advantage of his friendship. A true friend, a more genial companion, never existed. His early death is deplored by all who knew him, and is a loss to the profession which he adorned, that will not in a long time be repaired."

#### COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.

OXBOW-HEAD, Mass., Aug., 1887.

Dear Crayon:

HERE is a spot for a poet, and, if we mistake not, a poet's dwelling may yet stand here, envied by most that the eye of taste could desire. I have experienced a sense of longing in rambling over these grounds—not that longing which craves possession—but when I see a spot so ready for the hand of Art to work upon, one which could afford so easily those effects of gardening that render some English manors typical of all that can charm in Nature, I can but long that a poet's eye had already directed the shaping of these slopes, the opening of vistas, the clumping of new trees, and, above all, the erection of such a country villa as shall make all men happy in its skillful arrangements of position and adornings. Here upon this rocky knoll, what a charming site there is for it! You old farm-house shuts out a lovely prospect, down the slope, over the meadow and river, to the cultivated hill-side opposite—but that could be easily removed. Sweep your eye to the right, however, and it searches in vain down the avenue of stately elms for the houses that line it, so embowered they are; but a Norman Gothic church tower tells of habitations, and you know it to be, perhaps, the most beautiful of all the villages that lie lapped within and sunned upon these ranging hills, which bank the

NORTH CONWAY, Aug. 1866, 1857.

distance all around you. Here away rises the old monument with which Bryant has made you familiar, with its beetling crags and precipitous, wooded slopes, and at its feet, like a suppliant, crouches the little emerald upon the bosom of the plain, beyond which your sense subslides into dreams among the blue of the undulating hills. Behind you lies a well grown grove of maple, elm, and pine, with a sufficient intermixture of other species to give it diversity in trunk and leafage. We will explore it soon.

Our site is admirably adapted for a perfect water-shed. These rocks will fly easily before a blast, and their fragments serve a good purpose in the construction of the house's walls, leaving their native bed as an opening for a cellar. Patching this slope, other ledges are to be seen, whose blocks squared to the angle, shall make the edifice arise like an indigenous product of the soil. We prefer stone not only for its durability, and an air of permanence that a house should have to be in keeping with the characteristics of the place, but because it will render it cool in summer and warm in winter, and we can better dispense with shading trees, which, in fact, if too densely overspreading a stone house, might render it damp and unhealthy. The neighboring grove is not too far to retire to in a hot summer's day, and it would be many years before trees now planted would attain such a height as to interfere with the prospect from the chamber windows. And it so happens that the house itself would cast a noon-day shadow on the side that has no other prospect than the grove. In this direction, with a covered terrace for a walk in rainy weather, I would have the windows of the library look. Those of the parlor and dining-room could each command one of the fine prospects in the other direction.

Descending from the hall door, on the eastern side is the slope, thus cleared of its rocks, and laid down in lawn turf, which shall stretch in the plain of the western sun's rays, giving forth a warmth of color in its transmitted light from blade to blade, and reaching down to the meadow. A path to skirt this descent by a remaining ledge of rocks shall bring us to a large bass-wood tree, above the meadow's edge, and here we would have an arbor, over-crept by vines, where we could take our evening meal, with an opening upon as delicious a piece of meadow as ever setting sun threw a glory upon. The river, not far off upon either hand, sweeps away in front in an ox-bow curve, and margined by a hedge row of willows. They have now too great a regularity for the most pleasing effect. They need to be lopped here and cut down there, and then we can have interspersed shadows and glimpses of distance. Here upon the left, where the stream strikes glimmeringly through the willow trunks, I would have them all removed, and a foot-bridge thrown across, as a means of introducing a contrast of color in the hue it is painted, and the pleasing flicker of its arched shadows upon the water. I should give my gardener express injunctions not to break the surface of that meadow-green by any path of convenience, which must rather take the longer way round by the willow's shade.

The grove has the best of characteristics. The trees are not so crowded as to prevent them from growing naturally, and few can be seen that are mere upright trunks, bearing a weight of dead under-branches, while its only life dances in the sunlight, away from the eye, at the top. Rocky mounds and miniature precipices bear up their trunks to the sun, to clothe the whole extent with foliage. Here the broad sunlight spreads its warmth across the path, and there it is flecked with trembling shadows. On the western side you emerge upon a ledge of rocks, banked around with turf, with nothing intervening between you and the rich valley, hemmed in by wooded hills. Through its meadows you trace the river's course, chiefly by its margining willows, while here and there a flash of watery light confirms your conjectures.

When we surveyed this spot last evening the sun had gone down, and exhalations were gathering on the lowlands. I shall pay it further attention to observe its effects under the variegated tints of the setting.

N. R.

Mr. Editor.

"NATURE wears the colors of the Spirit;" but all the variety of her representation need not be attributed to the different interior states of her painters, nor to the various glasses of her observers. Every hour and every change of atmosphere give new features and new expression to every scene. Especially is this true of mountains, and for the last two months we have not wearied in watching the constantly varying aspect of Mount Washington and the summits, that rise in beautiful gradation beyond the meadows, which sweep away from our feet in miles of rich luxuriance.

Ever changing and ever new are these monarchs of the mists, as seen across Conway Meadows, and we were loth to break the enchantment of the distance by a nearer approach to them. When we ventured to the foot of the throne the face of majesty was not unveiled to us, though we waited for days in the glens and gorges beholding the fringes of the royal robes, and playing with the streams that flow from the everlasting fountains.

One could wish that here, as everywhere else in our country, more of the euphonious Indian names of various localities had been retained, such as *Chocorus* and *Kiasarge*, or some to recall the haunts of the great Titan, still seen laid out under his great winding sheet in magnificent state, on the tops of the mountains. The *Giant's Staircase* and the *Arm Chair* are his only memorials here. There is, however, some appropriateness in the names of the principal summits in this region, as there seems to be some correspondence between the character of the mountains and of the men for whom they are named. Breadth of base, symmetry and a largeness which does not strike at first, but which grows upon one, are characteristics of Mount Washington. Jefferson has a bolder, sharper character; by its side stands the less imposing, but strong and dignified, Madison, then the beautiful and symmetrical Adams—quiet, but decided, with a spur on its side—a sort of double mountain.

The weather during most of the summer has been fitful, gusty, showery—generally cool and favorable for pedestrians. We have had abundance of that familiarity with the clouds which Ruskin so beautifully speaks of in his chapter on "Mountain Glory"—walking with and above them, and talking with them. Not only the single wreath of early cloud, pacing its way up an avenue of pines, but early and late the forests and hill-tops seem to be playing bo-peep in the mist. Neither have we wanted for the "noble cloud manifestations—the breaking of their troublous seas against the crags, their black spray sparkling with lightning." Our sojourn here has been perpetual Sabbath, and we have been daily and hourly called to worship in some great cathedral, with "gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple, traversed by continual stars." There is in Tuckerman's ravine a great altar of snow, ten feet high, twenty feet broad, and seventy-five feet long.

The number of tourists among the mountains is unusually large this season, while there are fewer artists than for several previous years. Besides Champney, of Boston, who is settled here, there are a few amateurs and one or two students taking their first lessons from Nature. Nichols and Coleman are said to be in this region; but their sketching tents have not been recently visible on Conway heights or meadows.

ROSE MADDER.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1, 1857.

I PERCEIVE IN THE CRAYON, for September, that reference is made to a small picture by Frère, called "Le Potage," which was recently on exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy, and it is stated that it belongs to the collection of Mr. Edward Fale. The picture referred to merits the praise bestowed upon it, but I take the liberty to correct the name of the party to whom it belongs, there being no person by the name of Edward Fale that I am aware of, who has a collection of paintings in Philadelphia. It belongs to the valuable collection of Mr. Saml. B. Fales, who has many such rare gems. \* \* \*